# Stars Around My Scars

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/51150211.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | M/M |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter |
| Additional Tags: | Post-Canon, Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Insecure Will Graham, Soft Hannibal Lecter, Domestic Fluff, Hurt/Comfort, Fluff and Angst, Scars, Whumptober, (very low on whump today), no beta we die like the murder husbands didn't |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 27 of Whump Is My Design |
| Stats: | Published: 2023-10-27 Words: 1,144 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Stars Around My Scars

by WordsAblaze

Summary

> “Most cannot emerge from the chrysalis at all,” Hannibal says softly, “and it is monumental that you understand the power of your transformation.”
>
> Swallowing heavily, Will shakes his head, his eyes brimming with an angry, uncontainable emotion. “I haven’t transformed, Hannibal. No, I’ve simply… simply been unearthed.”
>
> “Like the roots of a tree?” Hannibal asks, raising an eyebrow.
>
> “Like a corpse,” Will replies, eyelids fluttering as twin tears race down to his chin.

Notes

> listen i love dark Will but insecure Will was just too tempting today,,
>
> day 27 prompts used: scars

See the end of the work for more notes

It was supposed to be a pleasant walk in the park. And it was, filled with their comfortably curated rhythm of soft murmuring and even softer silence, until they ran into a little boy yet to develop a verbal filter.

“What’s wrong with your face?” the little boy asks Will.

Will’s hand tightens around Hannibal’s, both to seek comfort as well as prevent any sort of crimes being committed, and he offers the boy a strained smile. “I hurt it. And it didn’t heal right.”

“Did you have a bad doctor?” the boy asks, sounding oddly sympathetic. When Will doesn’t reply, he continues, far less sympathetically: “Have you tried make-up? My mum says it hides all the bad stuff no-one wants to see.”

Using their linked hands, Hannibal pulls Will backwards, behind him, and glares down at the boy, narrowing his eyes. “And did your mother not teach you that it’s *horribly rude* to offer unsolicited advice to strangers?” he asks sharply.

The boy’s eyes widen as he takes a step back. “Sorry. Um, I'll just…” And, with that, he practically sprints away from the two of them.

Will’s head falls onto Hannibal’s shoulder as he sighs. “He was only a child, you didn’t have to scare him.”

“He didn’t have to insult you,” Hannibal counters, not even the slightest bit remorseful. He sees no reason to be soft on young children, not when their impressionable youth is what allows them to learn and develop crucial social etiquette.

“Perhaps he wasn’t entirely wrong,” Will says quietly; he gasps when Hannibal promptly twists him around so they’re standing face to face. He tilts his head to the ground, but Hannibal’s heart seizes and he refuses to allow the statement to go uncorrected, cupping either side of Will’s face and just shy of gently guiding their gazes together once more.

“Will, my love. You ought not to even *think* such things,” he whispers.

But Will shakes his head, squeezing his eyes shut. “And why not? The boy was right. No-one wants to see…”

“What?” Hannibal asks, allowing his fingers to slide into Will’s curls, gently tugging on them to force Will to open his eyes before he shuts himself off from the conversation entirely. “What do they so foolishly not wish to see?”

After a shaky exhale, Will shrugs. He meets Hannibal’s eyes, and Hannibal has to force himself not to flinch under the weight of the self-consciousness he unveils by doing so. “Whatever it is I’ve become,” he says tiredly.

Hannibal grits his teeth so hard his jaw aches with the force of it, then runs his hands through Will’s hair, a gesture he knows is comforting to them both. “Will, I simply cannot allow you

to consider yourself anything less than magnificent."

Will scoffs. " *Magnificent?* Hannibal, I—we both know such adjectives are far better suited to you."

"We most certainly do not," Hannibal argues immediately, and it's unclear whether Will shivers from the coldness seeping from his voice or the sensation of nails against his scalp—both, most likely.

"Hann— *ah* , hey!" Will grumbles as Hannibal tugs on his hair, but makes no move to remove his hands or step out of his grasp. "Not all of us can emerge from the chrysalis quite so sophisticated."

"Most cannot emerge from the chrysalis at all," Hannibal says softly, shifting just a little closer so his words are ghosting Will's lips, "and it is monumental that you understand the power of your transformation."

Swallowing heavily, Will shakes his head, his eyes brimming with an angry, uncontainable emotion. "I haven't *transformed* , Hannibal. No, I've simply… simply been *unearthed* ."

"Like the roots of a tree?" Hannibal asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Like a *corpse* ," Will replies, eyelids fluttering as twin tears race down to his chin.

The sight causes something ugly to twist inside Hannibal's chest, and that twisting burns, ripping through tendons and muscles and bones alike until he is almost overcome by it. He isn't, of course, but it's a near thing to avoid losing his composure entirely. He takes a moment to steady his disobedient heart before meeting Will's resigned gaze again.

"Will. The very reminder of your presence fuels each and every intricacy of mine. What emerged from the chrysalis may have imperfections, but it is no less powerful because of them. *You* are no less powerful because of them. There is enough power within who you have become to orchestrate the fate of my soul. Do you understand?"

He doesn't seem to, so Hannibal leans forward and plants a soft, extended kiss on Will's forehead, just above the scar there. "You are *everything* to me, Will. You burn brighter than each of the stars in the sky combined, and it would be sacrilegious to even consider suggesting that the wounds you carry with you have any sort of negative influence on the strength of that blaze. Do you understand?"

This time, he seems to, because a strangled sob escapes him before he surges upwards, and the two of them meet in a fierce, messy collision of tongues and teeth. Will's hands finally rise to tangle themselves in Hannibal's hair, unravelling the braid there and pulling on his scalp, leaving him no choice but to move closer still, his lungs aching beautifully as the kiss deepens, and deepens, and deepens, until Hannibal is drowning all over again, drowning *with* Will and drowning *for* Will and drowning *in* Will.

And then the wave recedes and they pull apart with matching gasps, both breathing heavily through the metallic taste of bitten lips. There are tears streaming down Will's face, but his

eyes are glittering and there's a wide, weightless smile on his face; he laughs quietly as he gently uses his hold on Hannibal's hair to pull himself forwards until his forehead is comfortably settled against Hannibal's.

"You are… *so* pretentious," Will breathes.

Hannibal only smiles in response, because he's never actually claimed otherwise.

"I love you," Will adds, and it would have sounded like an afterthought had Hannibal not—from personal experience—known that it is likely to be the central, driving force for almost his entire network of thoughts.

"I know," Hannibal replies, chuckling when Will mock-glares at him. He presses a gentle kiss atop the jagged scar along Will's cheekbone before adding: "And I love you."

Will shivers, then tugs on Hannibal's hair. "That doesn't mean you're allowed to have the boy's parents," he murmurs firmly.

"Will—"

" *No,* " Will interrupts, rolling his eyes. "He's insignificant. They're all insignificant."

Hannibal buries his frustration and nods, deciding not to pick an argument when the stars have aligned in such a way for him to have his arms full of a smiling and laughing Will. "I suppose, on that, we can agree."

And, with a satisfied grin, Will leans up to drown him in another kiss.

they are sickening (affectionate).

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!